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Don Quixote.

BY EUSTACE CULLINAN.

I A MANCHA'S KNIGHT, the world has laughed
at thee,
And thou hast long been Folly's other name;
But yet, methinks, thou owest not thy fame
To laughter-making merely; we can see,
Beneath thy madness-risen chivalry,
The true knight, striving for a lofty aim,
Nor swerving from it for our praise or blame;
And we revere thy manhood silently.

Men gauge the deeds they witness by success
And not by the attempt to do aright;
But what is past they judge by worth alone.
They who are constant in the bitterness
Of failure to a lofty end in sight
Live longer than mere monumental stone.

The Cosmogony of Moses.

BY THE REV. J. A. ZAHM, C. S. C.

NOTWITHSTANDING the difficulties presented by the first two chapters of Genesis, the cosmogony of Moses is the only one which antiquity has left us that can claim our assent, or challenge the investigation of science. There may be passages in it which do not at present admit of a satisfactory explanation; but there is nothing involving a contradiction, and still less is there aught that can be pronounced an

absurdity. Compared with the other cosmogonies of the ancient world, it is absolutely peerless, and is as far above them as history is above fiction, as truth above falsehood. Science may not unravel the knotty problems which still abound, but it cannot gainsay what Moses declares. Where there is apparent discord, we are, from the very nature of the case, certain that there is perfect harmony.

It is only when we contrast the Mosaic account of creation with the cosmogonies of the more advanced nations of antiquity that we can realize how remarkable the declarations of the Hebrew lawgiver really are, and how he has answered questions before which pagan philosophy stood mute and impotent.

The Aryans of early India surprise us by their achievements in literature, science and art. Since their discovery, in the last century, the Vedas and codes of laws of the ancient Hindu have been the subjects of wonder and enthusiastic comment by scholars the world over. But Hindu philosophy never arose to a true conception of the one God. The Brahmin, wherever found, meditating on the banks of Indus or the Jumna, or officiating in the temples of Delhi and Benares, was an idolator who entertained the most grotesque notions regarding the origin and configuration of the world.

The geogonies and cosmogonies of Assyria and Babylonia were scarcely less extravagant and absurd than were those of India. Recent discoveries have shown that the peoples of Mesopotamia had attained a degree of civilization that would not have been credited a few decades ago. The arts and sciences were cultivated with ardor, and libraries were found in all the principal cities of Mesopotamia. Her philosophers were famed for their

* From the *American Ecclesiastical Review*.

wisdom, and the astronomers of Nineveh and Babylon could predict eclipses and determine the courses of the heavenly bodies with a degree of precision that, considering the rude instruments at their disposal, is nothing short of marvellous. But the gods of Assyria and Babylonia were but blocks of clay and stone, variously fashioned by the hand of man, and the peoples inhabiting the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates were as far from a knowledge of the true God, the Creator of all things out of nothing, as were the philosophical Brahmins who taught and speculated beyond the Himalayas.

What has been said of India and Mesopotamia may be iterated with even greater truth of the land of the Pharaohs. To Egypt even the greatest of the philosophers of Greece went in quest of knowledge; and many of the doctrines which they afterwards taught their disciples were learned from the priests in the temples of Memphis and Heliopolis.

Her ruins, scattered all along the Nile valley, from Ipsambul to Alexandria, are even now, after the lapse of thousands of years, the admiration of all who behold them. Philae, Thebes and Abydos, great in decay, are, like the pyramids of Gizeh, the best evidence of the greatness and genius of the people who could plan and execute such marvels. But the builders of Cheops and the designers and constructors of the Ramesseum and the Serapeum of Memphis and the teachers of the sages of Greece, deified the river that brought fertility to their land, and worshipped not only the animals that grazed in the valley of the Nile, but even the reptiles that crawled in its slime, and the leeks and onions which grew in its gardens.

"Crocodilon adorat

Pars hæc, illa pavet saturam serpentibus ibin.

Effigies sacri nitet aurea cercopitheci

Illic æluos, hic piscem fluminis, illic

Oppida tota canem venerantur, nemo Dianam.

Porrum et cepe nefas violare et frangere morsu:

O sanctas gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis
Numina."*

Nor was Greece, immortal Greece, the home of art, eloquence, pöesy; of science, history

* "One part venerates the crocodile, another trembles before an Ibis gorged with serpents. . . . In one place they venerate sea-fish; in another river-fish; there whole towns worship a dog; no one Diana. It is an impious act to violate or break with the teeth a leek or an onion. O holy nations! whose gods grow for them in their gardens!" (Juvenal, Sat. xv, Vers. 2 et seq.)

and philosophy, exempt from the errors and vagaries which were so characteristic of the great nations of the Orient. For thousands of years her art has been the art of the world, her literature the literature of the world, her philosophy the philosophy of the world. The culture of the world, the taste of the world, the æstheticism of the world come to us from the land of Plato and Aristotle, Phidias and Sophocles, Pericles and Demosthenes. For thousands of years she has been the inspiration of scholars in every clime, and has contributed to the advancement of knowledge in every department of human research.

From the Academy and the Lyceum human genius winged its loftiest flight, and while soaring aloft in the blue empyrean, surveyed the fairest domains of human thought. For thirty centuries the Greek mind has directed the meditations of the philosopher, and controlled the speculations of the man of science. Her sculptured marbles have been the despair of all subsequent artists, as the Parthenon, although in ruins, still remains a dream of unsurpassed loveliness.

But the most noble productions of this great land, from the matchless poems of her sightless bard to the most exquisite carving that ever graced the Acropolis, were tintured with false views of God, and were designed to perpetuate a system of religion and foster a form of idolatry that would forever preclude man from having just notions of the Creator of the universe, or of His relations toward His creatures. Polytheism, of the most ridiculous character, dominated in Greece, and systems of cosmogony the most fantastical contended for supremacy in the greatest schools of an otherwise enlightened people.

And so it was with Rome, imperial Rome, the conqueror of the world. The architectural wonders of Athens are reproduced in the City of the Seven Hills; the golden eloquence of Cicero recalls the burning philippics of Demosthenes; in the noble epic of Virgil we recognize the sublime inspiration of the Muse of Homer. But the gods of the Pantheon are the gods of Greece, reinforced by countless accessions from the temples of all the lands in which the Roman eagle had been carried and in which Roman legions had been triumphant. Lucretius embalms in elegant verse the teachings of Epicurus; the myths of Hesiod are repeated by the author of the Metamorphoses, and all the errors of Greek philosophy are rehearsed

in patrician villas and in the palaces of the Cæsars.

How different the doctrines of the legislator of Israel! With a few bold strokes he gives us a picture of the history of creation, and in a few simple words he tells us how *in the beginning God created heaven and earth*. There is no doubt, no vacillation in the mind of the author of Genesis; no obscurity in his statements regarding the creative acts of Jehovah. In a single sentence he condemns the dualism of the Eastern sage and the doctrine of the eternity of matter in the Greek sophist. At the same time he brushes aside numberless other errors in philosophy and theology, and prepares the mind for a conception of the Deity that even the greatest of the pagan philosophers never attained.

In the cosmogony of Moses we have manifested in every line the spirit of revelation. Moses answers questions that the wise men of the ancient Gentile world had essayed in vain, because he is inspired. He declares the truth because he is preserved from error by the Spirit of God. Only in his history of creation does reason find a satisfactory response to the queries suggested by the very existence of the visible universe, and in Genesis alone have we a cosmogony that is in accord with all the certain declarations of science. Infidel sciolism may reject the Mosaic account of creation, endeavor to offer a substitute; but all such attempts are sure to prove futile, and to issue in contradictions and absurdities. Physical science cannot tell us anything about creation; cannot tell us anything about the beginning of things. Neither can it clear up the mystery enveloping the origin of life, nor show us matter, as the great Cuvier happily expresses it, *s'organisant*. Before Moses, atheistic materialism, and pantheistic idealism, so characteristic of pagan philosophy and pagan religion, go down as the pigmy before the giant, and the deification of nature is seen in all its hideousness and inconsistency.

And the declarations of Moses remain the same whatever theories we may have regarding the inspiration of Genesis, or the sources from which the history of creation was drawn. Is Genesis, as we now have it, revealed or inspired? that is, is the narrative a direct revelation in its entirety, or is it simply a human tradition, the most ancient of our race, collected and used by writers who were inspired by the Spirit of Truth? Is the inspiration verbal, or does it extend only to the subject-

matter of the text? Does it include all the *obiter dicta* of the narrative, or does it embrace only objects of faith and morals and obtain, to use the words of the Council of Trent regarding the true sense of the Sacred Scriptures, only "*in rebus fidei et morum, ad ædificationem doctrinæ Christianæ pertinentium*?" Did Moses make use of traditions that were the common property of all the peoples of Western Asia, and was the inspiration under which he wrote limited to inerrancy only in the employment of the materials at hand, and in the elimination from them of the imperfections with which they abounded? Did he have at his disposal a primitive tradition, integral and unaltered, brought by Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees, or did he avail himself of others, it may be older traditions, or legends even, that were current among the Accadians and Sumerians, who were the precursors of the Chaldeans and Assyrians in the valleys and on the plains of Mesopotamia? And if he used human documents, were they then encumbered with the exuberant polytheism of Chaldea, and vitiated by the clumsy anthropomorphism that was so prevalent among all the pagan nations of antiquity? Are we to understand that in such an event inspiration meant simply the action of the Holy Ghost whereby Moses was able to substitute monotheism for polytheism, and convert a narrative replete with the grossest natural notions into a compendium of moral and dogmatic verities of the most exalted spiritual character?

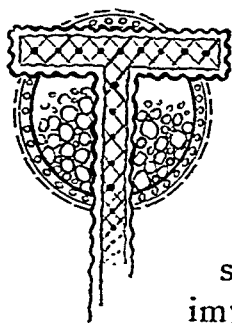
Such are a few of the questions asked by modern science and the higher criticism, and suggested by the Assyrio-Chaldean investigations of these latter days. As far as the contention of this paper is concerned, the answers are immaterial. Affirmative or negative, the statements of the author of the Hexaëmeron convey the same meaning and proclaim the same truths. Whatever the responses eventually given to the questions propounded, it will ever remain an incontestable fact that "the theodicy of the Chaldean tablets is as far from that of the Pentateuch as the theodicy of the Mahâbha-rata or of the Theogony of Hesiod is from that of the Gospel."

The Mosaic Hexaëmeron is, then, proof against all attacks that may be directed against it in the name of modern science, Assyriology, or the higher criticism. It alone of all the cosmogonies of the ancient world has withstood the onslaughts of flippant skeptics and blatant rationalists, because it alone has fully

satisfied the demands of the intellect and the aspirations of the soul. What pagan philosophy ever failed to do, what modern science, of itself, is incompetent to achieve, the author of Genesis has realized in his simple, yet magnificent portrayal of God as *Deum unum, Deum omnipotentem, Deum Creatorem omnium visibilium et invisibilium*.

Success.

BY J. M. KEARNEY.



HERE is probably no study more pleasant and instructive than that of character, and a large boarding school furnishes the best opportunity for its pursuit. From the little Minim, still in dresses, to the graduate impressed with his importance, there is such a gradual development and variety of character that an honest and just comparison is easily made.

The true side of a young man cannot be concealed at college, as all chance of deception is precluded by his intimate connection with his companions. He may, of course, conceal his genuine self for some time; but eventually the cover will be thrown aside, and he will be revealed in his true colors. The gentleman, though he be poorly dressed, is recognized at once and appreciated by those who are capable of doing so.

It is inevitable that there should be some careless fellows who waste their time and the money paid for their tuition. Others, who are naturally light-minded boys, become absorbed in their games to the detriment of class work. There is still the third class—on whom the faculty look with pride—the honest and industrious students, who endeavor to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by a college education. From the play ground to the class room, a certain inherent individuality is noticeable in each student, no matter in which of the three classes he may be placed. Even in the most careless, as in the most industrious, there is some pursuit to which each one is adapted; dull perhaps in some classes, yet, as a rule, he is bright in others. All boys have a preference for some particular occupation in which they acquire a proficiency beyond the reach of their companions not so inclined.

Observing the actions of the different students one cannot fail to notice the energy and dash with which they enter into their several employments. At recreation hour the campus is covered with youths practising football, baseball or some other exhilarating sport; the reading-room is occupied by the billiard-player or the book worm; but in all their occupations and amusements there is one quality which shows itself from the smallest to the largest; it is the endeavor to be the best at whatever they may undertake—to be *successes*.

Success—what is it? Naturally, the first thought that enters one's mind is money; a money-maker is set down at once as an example of success. But what kind of a man is a money-maker? As we know him he is not a social person; he has a bad temper, which is charitably attributed to dyspepsia. Poetry, literature, art and the drama have no beauties for him; the daily newspaper constitutes his sole reading matter. His every thought is money—it is his first in the morning and his last at night; his conversation regards the markets; his meals are gulped down and devoured in the manner of animals.

No, we answer, after a little reflection, money cannot be the true answer to success. There must be something else—something not so materialistic or utilitarian. But before proceeding farther, I do not wish to give the impression that money-making is in itself wrong. If directed to a good purpose, success may follow the accumulation of money. It is not this latter kind of wealth that I allude to—it is the sordid desire for dollars and cents, having no other ideal than the amassing of much property or a large bank account.

Perhaps, success may mean the attainment of an eminent position. This is a higher ideal than money-making, and, judging from public opinion, is a distinguishing mark of a successful man. By an eminent position we mean public office, fame, reputation or renown. Political life holds out many tempting allurements to ambitious men eager to make a name for themselves in public life. But to what extremes will these men often go in order to obtain an office! Honor, reputation, even treason to their God, are offered that the goal may be won. Even among lawyers and doctors we find that money and reputation is their desire; and, instead of their profession being a vocation, they degrade it to the level of a trade.

An eminent position is, no doubt, attained by many who strive to gain it. Some are famed as

orators, statesmen, jurists, scientists or scholars; far and wide their names are known to thousands of admirers; their opinions are listened to with respect, and their suggestions adopted. But in their secret hearts do these men call themselves successes? Unhesitatingly, I answer, no. They may have gained the goal which was at first aimed at by them, but no sooner had it been reached than a void was felt. Something is wanting to fill the gap, and thus they are kept continually striving after new objects and new desires, which give way to other fancies.

"The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,
Hath lost its charms by being caught."

Fame, that fickle goddess, cannot be all that is needed for success. She is like the ray of sunshine, now here, now there, and in a twinkling has disappeared, only to be seen in the distance disappointing some other worshipper of her charms.

Fortunately for us, the people of our age have more broadness of mind than was enjoyed in former times. The Philistine has become an object of derision; the good and the beautiful can no longer be regarded as objects meant only for the effeminate. A higher ideal is given to the people, and, at last, the soul and the intellect are regarded as the better part of man. Education is the cause of this pleasant change which pervades both the hut and the mansion. It is only when the mind has thrown off the materialistic point of view and looks upon life as it was intended to be looked upon, that it is ready to accept the true answer to success.

Each man has a part to play, and we are placed upon earth to accomplish the task assigned us. With this thought in mind we are conscious that success consists in being what we ought to be; in doing what we ought to do; in attaining what we ought to attain; and lastly, in making life what our Creator designed it to be made. This definition appears to be broad enough to fulfil all the conditions, and meets all the requirements for *true, genuine* success. It does not preclude the amassing of wealth, neither does it prevent us from being eminent men; but rather it incites us to do either or both, provided we follow the laws which should guide us in all our actions. As Bacon says: "Men must know that in this theatre of man's life it remaineth only to God and angels to be lookers-on."

Success is the result of hard, incessant toil. It suggests hours of weary labor and nights of uneasy dreams. Some men become successful

through accident or a stroke of fortune, but seldom is it achieved in this manner. There are few men who do equally the amount of work that Paderewski performs in a day: from morning till night, with few intermissions for food and rest, he practises his pieces, the playing of which has made him famous. Edison is a toiler. It is no uncommon thing for him to work for twenty hours at a stretch hardly taking time to eat his meals. Of course, this amount of labor is not necessary for all; but it goes to show what two famous men of the nineteenth century have done to reach the summit they have gained.

Little can be gained by spasmodic attempts; blows, hard and constant, are necessary to hew the way. It is not always the swift who win the race. How many are there who at first started out with brilliant hopes, and passed their rivals, only to find that the latter have not only caught up, but with steady, powerful strokes have forged to the front!

Success has reference to the means rather than to the end. Every man has his station, below which he should never go; instead, to better one's condition is a laudable ambition which deserves encouragement. But one should never look down upon his position, provided he is not the cause of its being a low or humble one. In whatever station of life one may be placed, be he clergyman, doctor, statesman or day laborer, he should endeavor to perform conscientiously the task allotted to him. A pride should be taken in one's employment in having it done well; and, therefore, the laborer should be as much a success as the clergyman or doctor. There is honor in work if it is performed with the proper spirit and motives. A street cleaner may be a gentleman, while a millionaire may have the manners of a brute.

One may become discouraged because one recognizes that his abilities are inferior to those of his competitors. It is true that many a man suffers through the lack of intellectual endowments; the deficiency may not be due to his own fault, but often from circumstances over which he had no control. This should not make him despair; but it should be an incentive to future exertions; and, though the progress be slow, it will end by the achievement of the desired goal. Though you cannot do all you wish, you can, at least, do your best, which is next to success itself. Remember that the faithful worker will reap his reward if he but honestly and consistently cultivate his natural talents.

Perseverance is the prime factor of success, and ill-fortune stares him in the face who does not possess this most necessary quality. Experience has taught that the medals at college, as a rule, are carried off, not by the brightest or most intelligent scholar, but by the persevering student who overcomes his difficulties by close and careful attention to his classes. If such is the case at college, how much more so is it in the world where nothing is given without a return!

Emerson struck the keynote of success when he asked: "Cannot we please ourselves with performing our work, or gaining truth and power, without being praised for it?" The fallacy of success, as commonly understood, is made evident in these few words. The man that gives up fame and wealth that he may follow his convictions is the noblest example of success. Self-trust is his motto and the right is guide; never cringing to public opinion, he stands up and defends his position, though, perhaps, laying himself liable to the criticism and ridicule of his baser minded opponents. Never does God help those who do not help themselves, and if we wish to gain the desired haven of success we must rely upon our own individuality, ever ready to grasp the favorable opportunities that are presented to us.

"Avarice is the besetting sin of our age. Ours is emphatically the enlightened age of dollars and cents. Its motto is: *Post nummos virtus*—money first, virtue afterward! Utilitarianism is the order of the day. Everything is estimated in dollars and cents. Almost every order and profession—our literature, our arts and our sciences—all worship in the temple of Mammon." Bishop Spalding thus aptly and concisely points out the false, pernicious doctrine of our materialistic age—the age that teaches children to look upon money as their god, and the age that recognizes none but the fortunate few who possess wealth. This should not be; a higher standard should be looked up to; a nobler end should be desired than that of mere dollars and cents. This standard will never be reached until each of us has an ideal, either of our own conception or the blending of our own thoughts with the actions and life of some worthy man. An ideal is necessary that we may be guided in the true path, and that it may be an incentive to support and sustain us in our hour of trial. A high ideal combined with our best efforts and the remembrance of our last end sum up the rules and give us the answer to true, genuine success.

Trifles Light as Air.

THE DAFFODIL.

I fancy that some saint,
Forgotten long ago,
Felt the desire to paint
The Grail, within him grow.

He sought the Lord in prayer,
That it might be His will
To send a model fair—
God sent the daffodil.

E. C.

A SNATCH OF SONG:

A snatch of song breaks on my ear—
Its melody so sweet and clear,
Which trembling faintly dies at last,
Is fraught with memories of the past:
And from my heart it draws a tear.

Before my eyes are visions cheer,—
Yet some are sad. Alas! the sere
And yellow leaf is crumbling fast.
A snatch of song.

My fancy now in 'membrance dear,
Recalls the scenes of a by-gone year,
Which time with artist hands has cast
Into the semblance of a vast
And mellow dream. I love to hear
A snatch of song.

J. A. M.

ADELINE.

Of all the girls I ever meet
There's none that seems more fair and sweet,
None, my eyes love more to greet,
Than Adeline.

I'd give the world to be her beau,
But such a thing would never go;
For I'm a cousin, you must know,
Of Adeline.

J. J. R.

FANCY.

What though archives don't sustain her?
Fancy whispers what she will;
And full many a fond retainer
Do her sweet vagaries fill.

Though his days are days of labor,
Though he's earthly in the light,
Fancy's revels draw our neighbor
In the stillness of the night.

Ah, those revels! Fairies, dancing
Round their mystic, moonlit ring,
Do not feel the joy entrancing
That our fancies to us bring.

E. C.

INCONSISTENCY.

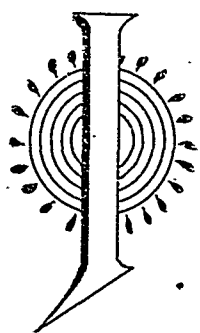
In purple ink, on Whiting's best,
I wrote my love a letter;
Then followed days of wild unrest,
And then, by chance, I met her.

"You foolish boy!" she mocked at me,
"To ask me to begin in
A contest grim with poverty,
In purple and fine linen."

D. V. C.

The Explanation that Followed.

FRANK A. BOLTON.



It was Inauguration Day. A fine, drizzling, persistent rain had been falling for almost twenty-four hours; but, it did not seem to dampen the spirits of the eager enthusiasts who had crowded into Washington. A nation's people had assembled to honor their leader; all seemed fired with patriotism and joined in the march down Pennsylvania Avenue. The whole street seemed to be one mass of human beings swaying, surging to and fro. I had stepped into an open doorway to get a glimpse of the parade and to get away from that human avalanche; everyone seemed to be moving, yet there was no decrease in the crowd.

I was lost in the contemplation of this honor, which a nation bestows on her favored son, when I felt a slight tap on my shoulder. Turning around, I beheld my old friend and former classmate, Frank Winston. The meeting was certainly a pleasant one. Winston had been one of my chums at college, and I had not seen him for almost five years. He was delighted to see me, and insisted that I should make his home mine while in Washington, and I was only too delighted to accept his invitation. He told me Richard Stage, our old friend, was playing a week's engagement at the National, and that he was staying with him.

Upon arriving at his home I was overjoyed to meet Stage. He had always been a jolly fellow, full of life and mischief; but his boyish traits had been replaced by stronger qualities. He invited us both to attend the theatre that evening, and we went. Richard III. was on the boards. What a marked difference there was between the amateur boy actor who had amused us at college and the great tragedian who now held us spellbound!

We all had anticipated success for him, but his rapid rise was startling. He was the idolized actor of our country. After the play we returned to Winston's home and spent the remainder of the evening most delightfully. Many pleasant and unpleasant episodes of our college life were recalled. I remember one in particular—a joke that was played on Winston. Stage was the prime mover of the whole affair, but turned the blame on me. Little did I think of the bearing it would have on my after-life. It was but a trifle, yet it is the secret of my story.

Winston was in love with a charming young lady and received letters from her quite frequently. He was wont to confide in Stage, and

read most of his letters to him. In that way Stage knew the tone of the correspondence, and being familiar with her style of hand-writing, he wrote a letter, signed her name to it, and addressed it to me. I was quite surprised upon receiving it, as I had never heard of the girl, and not knowing that Winston knew her, I showed the letter to him. He became furious and swore that I had deceived him. Of course I was entirely innocent, but could prove nothing. Winston again took Stage into his confidence and told him of the whole affair. Stage played his part very well. He told me that he thought a person capable of playing such a mean trick on one of his best friends was capable of doing anything; and as for me, he didn't care to be on speaking terms with me any longer. Winston immediately wrote to the girl, and asked her to return his letters and gave as a reason that she had written to me. She replied at once, that she would very willingly return them, but as for Mr. Kimler she had never heard of him. This Winston would not believe. Stage was again consulted, and they decided that it was one of my jokes. I tried to explain to Winston, but Stage would only laugh and tell me there was no use trying to get out of it. Winston never liked to refer to the affair, and he told me that evening that perhaps it was not too late in life to get even. I told him that I thought his chances were very poor.

The next day we spent in driving about the city, taking in the various points of interest in our grand old capital. Miss Winston had arranged a dinner party in our honor for that evening to which she had invited some of her friends. We were rather late getting home and found them waiting for us; and as the door opened I heard a merry peal of laughter, that touched a responsive chord in my heart. As soon as we entered there was a lull in the excitement, and I was introduced to Miss Stanley. She was an ideal Southern beauty. When I recall Mr. Reinhart's paintings of Southern women they make me think that he had met her, and had chosen her as an ideal type. I loved her from the first moment I saw her.

After a week in Washington, I returned to N ——. Everything was quiet and slow. What a contrast it presented to business and life at the capital. It seemed to me that I had spent the happiest week of my life there, and I found it very hard to settle down into the existence around me. I had written to Stage and Winston, but had received no answer from either. I had lost a watch-charm while in Washington and asked Stage to look it up. I told him of my love for Grace, and requested him not to say anything about the letter to Winston as trouble might result.

One morning, about a week after I had returned from Washington, in looking through my mail, I was quite surprised to find a letter

and a small package addressed to me in a feminine hand. I was doubly surprised when I found it was from Miss Stanley. Opening it, I read:

"P. O. Box 56, WASHINGTON, D. C., March 20.

"MR. KIMLER:

"I must apologize to you for not returning the charm. I found it shortly after you had left Washington, but was not sure it was yours until informed by Mr. Stage. I was very sorry you could not remain any longer in our city. But Washington is remarkably quiet now. It seems to follow the old saying—"a storm is always followed by a calm." We had planned a dinner party for the next evening, but your hasty departure upset everything. Trusting that you will receive your charm,

"I remain yours sincerely,

"GRACE STANLEY."

With the letter all gloominess and depression vanished. It instilled new life into me. I read and reread it, thinking it possible that I could find some sign of encouragement. I had often wondered if she cared for me, and more often found myself in day-dreams back in Washington. I sat down that morning and answered her note. The reply was quite long, for I spent the greater part of the morning in writing it. I don't know but what I copied it several times before I became thoroughly satisfied. It was my only chance; if she cared for me at all, she would surely answer it. But I was surprised and I must say greatly pleased, when I received an answer shortly afterward. I don't know how it all came about, but in a few weeks I looked for her letters regularly. I knew the very day I was to receive them. At first it seemed to me that it was an impossibility, but now matters looked very promising. We threw off the conventional form, and our letters became more interesting.

I had heard from Stage but once in three months. I attributed it to the fact that his engagements kept him busy. He did not answer anything I had asked him in my letter. I thought it strange at the time, but did not pay much attention to it. I had just received a letter from Winston that he was about to be married, and intended going South. It was but a short note. He did not tell me the name of his *fiancée*, but stated that I had met her whilst visiting the Capitol.

Some time after I had received Winston's letter there came another from Stage, stating that he was to be in Washington for a few weeks, and inviting me to come and visit him. I had just planned a summer trip through Europe, but shortly afterwards I received a note from Grace saying that there was to be a big reception held in Washington in honor of Stage, and she desired me to come, so I concluded to stop there for some time with Stage.

Two days later I found myself on my way to Washington. The reception was to be held that evening, and of course my train had to be late. It was near eight o'clock when it pulled into the depot. I immediately drove to Will-

iards, and after hurriedly dressing and taking a luncheon I came down into the lobby of the hotel and was waiting for a cab when some one touched me on the arm. "Louis Kimler, I believe."

"Winston, by all that's holy! I thought you went South."

"So I did; but I returned yesterday to attend the reception. I suppose you received my telegram."

"Telegram! no, I didn't receive any."

"It must have been too late. I telegraphed you this morning that the reception was off. Stage was taken sick."

"Well, it is lucky I met you. Here's my cab; I had better dismiss it. We'll spend the evening here."

"No, no! come down to my home. I want you to meet my wife, and besides some of your old acquaintances will be there. We can take this cab. Come."

There was nothing else for me to do, so I accepted the invitation. As soon as we were comfortably seated I said.

"By the way, Winston, you told me in your letter that I knew the young lady you were going to marry. I suppose it is the girl you used to write to when we were at college. Quite a charming girl. Did you ever tell her of that joke that was played on you?"

"No, no. I thought I sent you the paper announcing my marriage. It was Grace Stanley."

Grace Stanley! I could not realize the effect those words produced on me. An indescribable feeling of pain passed over me. That sweet face I had pictured as showing the soul of honor and propriety; that woman that had received my first and only love; I could not utter a word; my tongue clove to my mouth. A blight seemed to be thrown over me, and I hardly heard my friend ask me: "What's the matter, Kimler?"

"I'm not feeling well. To tell the truth I had better not go down to the house."

"Come, you'll be all right in a few minutes."

"No! I had a severe bilious attack coming down on the train this afternoon, and I'm afraid it is returning. We had better turn back to the hotel."

Winston was very reluctant about doing so; but he saw my misery and, thinking that perhaps I was ill, he complied. When I got out at the hotel, he said he would send a doctor to me, and would call for me in the morning. I bade him good night and went in and took a chair in the lobby. I sat thinking of the affair for quite a long time. I could not trust myself to stay in Washington and meet that woman! So I resolved to leave for New York that night. I took the midnight train and before dawn I was in the metropolis.

The excitement of New York was not enough to drive away my gloomy and despondent thoughts. A restlessness had taken possession

of me. Travel, excitement anything to bury my despondency, was what I longed for. I had been in New York over a week; I could not sleep nor eat. I heard that the *City of Paris* was to leave that evening at eight, so I concluded to go.

I went on board early in the evening. About seven o'clock she took on a great many passengers? Promptly at eight the ropes were loosened, and before long the scene of my trouble was far behind.

The next morning I did not arise until almost ten o'clock. I went out on deck and walking about suddenly came face to face with Mrs. Winston, *née* Grace Stanley, in company with an elderly lady. To say that I was surprised expresses it rather mildly. I nodded a cold recognition and passed into the salon for dinner. I had become nervous and excited. I ordered my dinner and sat looking blankly into space. I noticed that some lady was placed next to me, and turning around, I saw that it was the one whom I had tried to avoid. She spoke to me. I answered very chillingly and remained silent during the remainder of the dinner. I noticed her look at me several times very strangely, but never appeared to see her at all.

After I had finished my meal—if you could call it such—I went out on the deck and stood gazing silently out upon the ocean. Somebody called me by name. I recognized the voice; it was Mrs. Winston's. "Are you unwell, Mr. Kimler?" "Unwell? No." I turned and said this with a half sneer. "Mr. Winston told me you were down to Washington, and that you were taken sick."

I did not know what to make of this woman after having deceived me in such a heartless way to put on such a bold front! But to look at her, she was the picture of innocence. I thought it probable that I could put her to shame, by referring to her letters before the lady accompanying her. "Yes, I was in Washington. I believe I have your invitation to the reception in my pocket."

"Invitation! Reception!" she exclaimed.

I was confused and amazed. Not caring to create a scene I asked her to excuse me that I might procure the letters I had received from her. I went to my state-room and got some of her notes I had carelessly thrown into my portmanteau. When I returned I handed her several of them and stated she would confer a great favor on me by returning mine.

As she took them, I noticed the blood mounting to her cheek, and I thought that no confession was needed; she had betrayed herself in her manner.

"Mr. Kimler, I positively know nothing about them."

"Probably you care to know nothing about them since you have become Mrs. Winston."

"Mrs. Winston!"

The elderly lady, who was with her gave a

start and placed her hand on Mrs. Winston's arm as if to draw her away.

"There's surely some mistake here, Mr. Kimler. Who told you I was Mrs. Winston?"

"I was told by one who should know. It was Mr. Winston."

"Mr. Kimler, I have always had a kind regard for Mr. Winston, as I have known him all my life; but as for marrying him, nothing is further from my mind."

The truth began to dawn on me that I was the victim of a joke. I felt greatly mortified, for my conduct to Grace was shameful. But as yet I could not solve the mystery.

"So you did not receive any letters from me?"

"No, Mr. Kimler, I don't remember having received any."

"Do you remember seeing this charm!"

"Yes, I think it was in my possession for a time. I gave it to Mr. Winston to send to you."

"Winston! I see it at last. He wrote the letters. But how is it that you did not receive mine?"

"How were they addressed?"

"P. O. Box, 56, Washington, D. C."

"P. O. Box, 56! I have no box at the post-office, Mr. Kimler."

"But how did Winston come to know the contents of my letter? Stage must have told him. What was in my letter, but I hardly think he would. I have it: I misdirected the letter I wrote to Stage and Winston received it. That accounts for Stage's not answering my letter."

"It was a good joke, but I think it was carried too far. I am really very anxious to see some of the letters you received in my name. They were quite interesting, no doubt."

"Quite, I'll assure you. But all the interest has been taken out of them since I have found out their author. I suppose that Winston is enjoying a good laugh at my expense. It is but the joker's luck to get tripped. He swore revenge on me, and I think he has had it."

After the matter was explained, I was introduced to the elderly lady who accompanied Grace, whom I found to be her aunt. Needless to say our journey to Paris was a pleasant one. On reaching that city we met Miss Stanley's father. I found that he was well acquainted with my father. He insisted on my traveling with him through Europe, and I accepted his invitation. During this time I had not written to Stage or Winston. The first time they heard from me was through a cablegram announcing my engagement to Miss Stanley. Some time after I received a very penitent letter from Winston explaining the whole affair. He told me he thought I was really sick the night he took me back to the hotel and that he intended telling me the truth the next morning. He was very sorry for the pain it had cost me, but was glad that his joke was attended with good results.

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M. P. MCFADDEN, '95.

—We desire to call special attention to the initial article of this number. It forms the conclusion of Father Zahm's exhaustive study of the book of Genesis in the March issue of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. It is especially timely now that such interest centers in Scriptural study, and above all in the book of Genesis, which certain blatant rationalists would have us believe is full of scientific errors. We would advise our readers to procure a copy of the *Review* for study and reference.

—The press of the country, in expressing approval of the choice made for the Lætare Medal, take occasion to pay a high compliment to our esteemed President. They commend the broad-minded policy which prompted him to see in the stage of the present an instrument for good, even as it was in days gone by under the Church's fostering care. Father Morrissey has proven himself in all things a worthy successor to Father Walsh, ruling with a firm but gentle hand, and ever ready to seize opportunities for advancing the interests of Notre Dame and her students. *Alma Mater* is indeed fortunate in her presidents.

Death of the Rev. John A. O'Connell, C. S. C.

THERE is no one that knew Father O'Connell but will experience a pang of regret to hear of his death, which took place at Notre Dame on the morning of the 6th inst. A long and painful illness, borne with the calm resignation so characteristic of the deceased, and sanctified, furthermore, by the prayers of all by whom he was beloved, had prepared him for the passage to eternity; and the sadness of his farewell to earth must have been mingled with joy at the thought of paradise.

Father O'Connell was a man of remarkable talents and cultivated to a high degree. An impressive speaker, a graceful writer, a sympathetic teacher, he enjoyed most deservedly the confidence and esteem of all with whom he was brought into contact. Modest in bearing, amiable of disposition, charitable and unselfish, he was one of those characters that make us glad that we knew them, and better for the privilege.

The deceased passed most of his life at Notre Dame; and, having come here at an early age, was known—at least by reputation—to generations of students. His remarkable talents were recognized while he was still among the youngest in the preparatory department, and their development was admired as he passed with high honors from class to class. His connection with the Faculty dates from 1870, having completed his collegiate and ecclesiastical course long before the age required for the reception of Holy Orders. His first literary work was done for the *Ave Maria*, to which he was an occasional contributor for many years. The much admired translation of Henry Lasere's "Episodes of Lourdes" which appeared in its pages was from his graceful pen. As Professor of Literary Criticism, Father O'Connell was intimately connected with the *SCHOLASTIC*, the direction of which was entrusted to him for several years.

It is fitting that a more extended notice than this should be given of one so long and so honorably associated with the University. Our tribute shall not be delayed after we have secured a satisfactory portrait of the deceased. Meantime we bespeak for Father John—as he was familiarly called—the fervent prayers of all his friends.

—We have great pleasure in announcing that the Rt. Rev. John Watterson, Bishop of Columbus, has promised to deliver the Commencement Oration this year. Bishop Watterson, as our readers well know, is one of the most scholarly and eloquent prelates of the Church in America. He is also a careful student of the political and social needs of the day, and his utterances upon any subject are sure to command attention. In congratulating the Rev. President and the Faculty of the University on their admirable choice we beg to include in these congratulations the friends of Notre Dame throughout the land, who will thoroughly enjoy the rare treat which Dr. Watterson holds in store for them.

—We have been greatly surprised in examining the current Monthly Part of the *Ave Maria* to find how much more reading matter it contains than the other magazines. Considering furthermore the high character of its contents, we realize that its claim of being the cheapest periodical in the language is well founded.

Among the contributors represented in the current number of the *Ave Maria* are Flora Haines Loughhead, who writes also for the *Atlantic Monthly*; Eugene Davis, Austin O'Malley, the author of "Tyborne," Walter Lecky, Eleanor C. Donnelly, the Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., Mary Catherine Crowley, Anna T. Sadlier, our own Dr. Egan, and many others.

A notable article is that from the pen of the Rev. William Henry Kent, with original translations from the Coptic. It is a unique contribution. The London *Saturday Review* in a recent article took occasion to congratulate the *Ave Maria* on possessing so able a contributor.

—Again has the public ear been assailed by the reports of an outrage perpetrated by college students. The rowdyism of Yale's undergraduates, whilst not on a par with the advanced methods of brutality exhibited by Cornell, is enough to excite the indignation even of those who usually wink at acts of student blackguardism, by saying that "young men must sow their wild oats." Such atrocious conduct as that lately shown by colleges in the East is entirely unknown in Catholic institutions. The influence of religion, added to the watchful care of those who rule over our colleges, tends to restrain young men from

acts which are characteristic of hoodlums. The public are beginning to realize that a moderate surveillance tends in no way to cramp a young man's individuality. The college is a training-school for the development of character, and a license which opens the way to excesses cannot possibly be countenanced by the authorities. Let students cultivate Christian character whilst at college, and in after-life they will despise a freedom which unmans them.

Forming a Library.

HOW important and necessary are books, and yet how very seldom do we find a proper collection of them! There are all kinds of books, good and bad, interesting and uninteresting, trashy and instructive; in fact, there are as many types as there are individuals, so that in collecting them we should use the same precautions as we do in choosing our friends. As there are persons whom we would not want for friends, so there are books which we should not allow a place in our library. Outside of our personal friends, perhaps there is nothing in which we take so much pleasure and pride as in the books which we have selected for our libraries.

As there are so many books, and good ones at that, it would be almost impossible to read them all. But it is not necessary to have many books. It will suffice to have a few of the best, chosen to suit our tastes. As the tastes of all persons are not the same, so a book that would please and delight one might be looked upon by another as very dull and uninteresting. There would, then, be no sense in persons having in their collection books for which they have a dislike. But those books which have stood the test of criticism for ages, that is the standard ones, should not be overlooked in forming a library.

We should see that the book which satisfies us be done in the best binding we can afford. As we would not like to have a shabby suit of clothes, so, I think, we should take an equal pride in the appearance of the books we procure. Moreover, when we read a book we do so for the pleasure and enjoyment which it affords; but how can this be gained when the book is ready to fall to pieces at every moment? When a book is clearly printed on the best paper and strongly bound there is real pleasure in reading it and perfect enjoyment in keeping it.

A library need not be formed at once. Very few of our young men could afford to purchase a complete library; but if this be impossible all at once, yet in the course of years it could be accomplished. And every young man should obtain as soon as possible, even if the strictest economy is necessary, a serviceable series of books for use throughout life. And the fact that he could not acquire them at once should not discourage him, but rather give him an opportunity of discovering the best books, so that when the time for purchasing presents itself he will make a better selection. As a rule, young men throw away a great deal of money in the purchase of books, which, if used judiciously, would in a few years make a collection both interesting and instructive; and these books, gathered with care, would be an inducement for them to give up habits and companions which are obstacles in the way of their success.

After a habit of reading good books has been formed, there will be no pleasure experienced in reading trashy ones. And if a young man would consider for one moment the inestimable advantages that would accrue from reading good books, we feel certain he would never dip into doubtful literature. J. A. McK.

A Night Off.

TALK about excitement! We had all we wanted, and a great deal more than we expected. Indeed, we had what we might call, using the colloquial phrase, "a night off"; but it was a good one, and we had bushels of fun. The masquerade—well, really, I cannot describe it. No one could. One must have seen it to duly appreciate duly its peculiar excellence. There were all species of kings and dudes, an awful assortment; lots of desperately sweet young girls and wretched-looking old maids (about a century out of the market); then there were Indians and negroes, thin and painfully fat men, Saracens and Christians, good and bad, and not a few who seemed to belong to companies of General Coxey's recruits: to make a long story short, there was a large variety of all sorts of people, and every one highly amusing.

It all happened something like this. Professor Edwards had generously promised the Sorins a treat on last Monday evening. We knew in what shape it was to be. So, with the kind dispensation of the general rules of the hall for

the night by the good-natured Director, we began to hastily gather together this and that—borrowing a shoe here and a hat there; stealing pillows and bed-clothes for "make-up" stuffing; begging ribbons and yelling for pins; preparing burned cork and, those without that luxury, mixing shoe-blackening to use for the benefit of the complexion—and all this, only to make a fitting disguise. One would think that either doomsday had arrived or that the managers of "America" were compelled on short notice to make ready and satisfy themselves with the presentation of their great production in a somewhat smaller theatre than the Chicago Auditorium. Pandemonium reigned. It was a strange sight to see some of the boys perspiring because of the great number of blankets wrapped around their bodies in the hope of filling out their clothes, and others with chattering teeth and trembling limbs because of their bare arms and décolleté appearance. In these social functions one has to be so proper, you know.

About half-past seven the Sorin Hall smoking room was alive with weird-looking beings—some beautiful and poetic, and others still more unshapely and deucedly prosaic. In single file and with solemn, mysterious gait, the Seniors' reading room was entered just in time for the Grand March. And it was a *grand march*—about as big a caper as one could see in a lifetime. To give any expression or impression of what it really was, by a description, I fear I would have to do as most of the spectators did—be continually making interjections and exclamations such as these: "Oh, my! Isn't it horrid!—Look at that Indian! See those devils! And where did that ugly black negro come from!" There were Messrs. McKee and Carney, for instance, as the living specimens of men who had lived eighty days on pure adulterated water alone!—they were miserably *thin*; it was heart-rending. Mr. Bolton, as the swell young Mr. Cloud, did not do a thing with his face, and he looked so very "ta-ta." Messrs. Jewett and Correll, as simple devils, out and out; Mr. S. Mitchell, as the dear, gentle, kind Mr. Shylock of to-day; and Mr. Joe Kearney, as the "cute thing" so dearly loved by the girls, you know, were all actually clever. And then there were plenty of girls, and pretty ones too. Mr. Funke was a good example—a trifle more charming and aristocratic than the class of young women Mr. James Fitzgerald represented. Mr. Flannigan, as the hope and future leader of the Emerald Isle, could not be distanced by anyone. But Mr. Casey, as old

King Rufus—whoever he was—was the most poetic of all.

Perhaps I am telling a secret,—but I heard to-day that B. Paulinus is out of bed; for most of the boys who were exceptionally fleshy the other evening have brought back his clothes. He had only three suits.

But to continue. After a dance or two the maskers unveiled and were ready to recognize their friends. It was really the greatest sensation that so far happened during the scholastic year; it was a diversion—let it come again!

Exchanges.

We have made several ineffectual attempts to place our remarks, critical and complimentary, before the public; but were always met by the cheerful growl of the managing editor: "Crowded by more important matter." This is our last attempt, and should it fail, we'll resign—after the "Staff" banquet.

* *

There is some satisfaction in knowing that we are not alone in our misery; the *Niagara Index* is without an exchange column this week. But woe betide the luckless editor who crowded out those exchanges! He'll have much to answer for. My! the exchange-editor of the *Index* swears dreadfully on the least provocation.

* *

We confess to a fondness for the Brooklyn *Polytechnic*. Perhaps it is due to the fact that its editors know the value of a good "make-up." And then they cater to the taste of their readers in giving several good short stories every month.

* *

There is a suspicious air of provincialism in the criticisms of our Canadian brethren. When reviewing exchanges they confine themselves to the journals within their own immediate vicinity. Is this due to a fear lest a good word for institutions in the "States" may induce annexation, or is this shrinkage of mind owing to the low temperature? Were we in touch with the politics of Canada we might place this illiberalism at the door of the Conservative party.

* *

The *Hamilton College Monthly* makes a good point in saying that the increased opportunities for livelihood afforded by higher education

remove from women the *necessity* of marriage. Perhaps there is no more pitiable sight than that of a young woman who, having no means of support, is forced to marry—forced to place her life's happiness in the keeping of a gilded fool. If for no other end than salvation from such misery, let us see that every young woman is properly educated. We are not at all, however, in sympathy with the short-skirted suffragists who blatantly proclaim "the emancipation of women from the drudgery of the kitchen and the nursery." No! woman's proper sphere is the home; and God help the coming generation if their mothers are to know more of politics than of pap.

Communication.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

I had occasion to go to the Library the other day to consult one of the magazines. Imagine my surprise to find it missing from its usual place, and when I demanded an explanation from the assistant, I was told that certain individuals make it a practice to take away such periodicals as interest them and to return them at their leisure. Could there be any selfishness equal to this? In no public library, much less in a college library, is it permitted to remove magazines and reviews from the tables. They are placed there for the benefit of readers in general, and those who purloin them are guilty of an injustice to the frequenters of the library.

BIBLIOPHILE.

Personals.

—Charles B. Rudd (student), '92, is a clerk in his father's hotel at Owensboro, Ky.

—F. H. Kleckamp (student), '92, is an attorney and counsellor at Fort Wayne, Ind.

—Mark Foote (B. A.), '72, stands very high in business and political circles in Chicago.

—John S. Holland (student), '92, is the assistant head-clerk of a stamping company in Chicago.

—Robert E. Frizzelle (Com'l), '91, is in the law office of a prominent firm at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

—The Rev. T. O'Sullivan, of Cummings, Ill., and the Rev. J. Clancy, of Woodstock, Ill., visited the University on Tuesday last.

—J. P. Brice (student), '77, has a very good position as travelling salesman for a large purveying house in Des Moines. He is the same old "Jim," full of life and fun.

—H. Hayes (B. A.), '74, and Lewis Hayes (B. A.), '74, are rapidly coming to the front in Chicago. They are engaged in a business which bids fair for success in the near future. They have hosts of friends.

—R. E. Fleming (student), '81, is the chief clerk in the offices of the Superintendent of the E. and T. H. R.R. at Evansville, Ind. Bob is considered as the most efficient clerk that has ever held the position.

—Mr. C. Corbett, Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Co. of this district, accompanied by Mrs. Corbett, sister of the Very Rev. Wm. Corby, C. S. C., spent several pleasant days at the University last week.

—J. H. Fendrick (student), '81, is at the head of the largest cigar factory in this state. He is energetic and pushing, and has won for himself a name that has made him one of the foremost business men of the city of Evansville.

—John McRae (student), '79, is a member of a firm that does an extensive business at Morganfield, Ky. Jack's friends are legion, and he has established for himself and the firm to which he belongs a reputation of which he and his *Alma Mater* may well be proud.

—Hugo C. Rothert (B. S.), '85, is cashier of a bank at Huntingburg, Ind. He was quite a botanist in his school days, but has not had time to follow the study since leaving *Alma Mater*. According to all reports he makes an admirable cashier, and may be looked upon as a coming financier.

—Lucius G. Tong (LL. B.), '71, has been appointed as inspector and secretary of the local board of underwriters of South Bend and Mishawaka. The appointment comes in the shape of an honor, considering the number of applicants for the position. Mr. Tong enjoys a high reputation in business circles, and well merits this testimony of the regard in which he is held.

—Father Zahm has received a letter from the distinguished Canon Hamard, the well-known author and scientist, who promises to pay Notre Dame a visit during the coming summer. Canon Hamard is a frequent contributor to all the learned scientific magazines of France, as well as one of the chief collaborators of Abbé Vigouroux in his monumental work now in press, "Dictionnaire de la Bible."

—Rev. P. Lauth, C. S. C., in charge of St. Mary's Church, Austin, Texas, celebrated last week the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. The occasion was made one of great rejoicing by his fellow-priests and by the congregation of St. Mary's, with whom he has been associated for the past twelve years. Father Lauth was at one time a professor at Notre Dame, but shortly after his ordination he began a missionary career which lasted until his appointment as pastor of St. Mary's Church. He is a zealous priest and devoted pastor, and we join our prayers with those of his many friends that he may be spared many years of usefulness.

Local Items.

—Rain on "rec" days as usual.

—The "Department Notes" are unavoidably crowded out this week.

—It is rumored that The Solid Comfort Club will soon be reorganized.

—Quite a number of the boys have been in Chicago during the past week in attendance at the grand opera.

—Last Thursday the Carroll Specials were again defeated by the St. Joseph's Hall boys to the tune 10 to 4.

—This year's trigonometry class will have to pass an art examination in June, if the members wish to be promoted.

—LOST—A *Pars Autumnalis* of a set of breviaries, the property of the late Father Walsh. Finder will please return to Father Regan.

—The students of Brownson Hall deeply sympathize with Mr. T. Smith in the loss which he has sustained in the death of his sister, Mrs. Lottie Smith.

—The Minims gave a calisthenic and gymnastic exhibition in their gym. last Wednesday evening. It consisted of upright bar evolutions, wand exercises and tumbling.

—During the past two weeks several men have been busy sodding and improving the Carroll campus. In a short time it will present a very neat and inviting appearance.

—Our landscape artist has lately received from Mr. John Saul, Washington, D. C., a large assortment of shrubs and trees which are to be used in decorating the college lawn.

—The recent snowstorm brought the work on the ball field to a stand-still; but during the last few days it has progressed finely, and will be completed very soon.

—On the 1st inst., the Carroll Specials were defeated by the Specials of St. Joseph's Hall. The feature of the game was a three-bagger by Murphy with three men on bases. The score was 8 to 4.

—Through the kindness of Bro. Justinian our local collector received a large package of cancelled stamps from the students of St. Mary's, Austin, Texas; also a large amount from Masters Ludwig and Jones of Carroll Hall.

—On Tuesday a very interesting game of basket ball was played in the Carroll gym. After forty minutes' playing each side had made but one goal, and the game was called on account of darkness and no electric lights.

—Capt. Quinlan has begun the weekly drills for the prize medal to be given to the best-drilled private in the different companies. In the first drill A. Rumely carried off the honors in Co. "A," and R. McCarthy in the Sorin Cadets.

—Those desirous of entering the Oratorical and Elocutionary contests should make the fact known to the Director of Studies before May. All contestants in the former should submit their essays to the academical committee before June 1.

—A certain well-known Carroll gave this plausible reason for never getting his hair cut: "I don't want to get it cut short, and I never get it trimmed, because then I don't get my money's worth, and the barber makes all the more fun of me.

—The celebration of St. Joseph's Day, which was postponed from March 19 to April 3d, was observed last Tuesday. A solemn High Mass was sung, with Very Rev. Father Corby as celebrant. The rest of the day was given free to the students.

—Through the neglect of the reporters, and the illness of the editor, no mention was made in last week's SCHOLASTIC of the singing of the choir on Easter Sunday. It was especially prepared for the occasion, and reflects great credit on the energetic director, Prof. Preston.

—We heartily commend the chapter on "Kicking"—pages 106 and 107, "Spalding's B. B. Guide"—to baseball players in general, and in particular to those who seem to think they "have not done their duty unless they dispute every other decision of the umpire." Captains would do well to endorse it.

—A modern telescopic chair has been added to the Observatory. It is quite an improvement on the old stool and step-ladder formerly used. It will be occupied by students who wish to examine the marked peculiarities of the heavenly bodies. Already two engineers had occasion to use it when looking at Saturn.

—If our baseball fiends are desirous of obtaining a complete schedule of all games to be played for the coming season by the National League, they will find it to their advantage to address a letter enclosing a two-cent stamp to A. J. Smith, General Passenger & Ticket Agent of the L. S. & M. S. RR., Cleveland, O.

—A reception was given by the Crescent Club under the direction of Prof. J. Edwards last Tuesday to a few invited guests. During the evening a party of Sorin Hallers entered in fancy costumes, and contributed largely to the pleasure of the evening. The music was furnished by the Crescent Club Orchestra under the leadership of Mr. F. Barton.

—Rumor has it that the German student of the masquerade intended to conceal himself in the monumental armor which decorates an alcove in the Library. But he found, to his grief, that it was much too small. After balancing it on his little finger and doing other sundry "Sandow" feats, he departed, disgusted with the reports of the great strength of the "warriors bold" of Fatherland.

—We have a local crank who is made up

of a strange mixture of Herr Most with two-thirds of Liebig. He manufactures dynamite and other pleasant combustibles, and when he finds the tax on these too high he turns his attention to noxious gases and infectious odors. He'll die the death that awaits all unfortunate geniuses. It is reported that he has prepared himself for the event. He has gone so far in his preparations as to have contracted with his friend, the orator, for a gilt-edged eulogy.

—The following are the subjects for graduation essays to be handed to the Director of Studies by May 5: (1) "Induction in Physical and Natural Sciences." (2) "Imagination in Literature, Fine Arts and Real Life." (3) "Rights and Duties of Labor." (4) "Advantages of Free Government." There are several who have failed to present their first essays. Be careful, boys! Carelessness in this matter will operate with the Faculty in withholding your diplomas.

—A remarkable instance of the care taken by government officials with mail matter was brought to our notice on last Thursday. Father Zahm received a Spanish magazine addressed to him which had been sent to India, thence to Italy, from Italy to Newfoundland, and finally to Notre Dame. Another curious incident is reported by Mr. Healy of Chicago. He received two letters in the same mail, bearing the same date, which had been sent around the world in different directions from Sydney, Australia.

—At a meeting of the Hoynes' Light Guards Capt. Scherrer of Co. "B" was appointed lieutenant colonel. Both companies are now in good trim, and the second competitive drill promises to be better than was anticipated. On Thursday Co. "B" held two drills. Both were very exciting, each lasting forty minutes. Private Dixon won the first, Private McDermott the second prize. Company "B" will begin drilling for the gold medal on or about the 15th inst. The private who wins five drills first will get the medal.

—The Pansy Club held an enthusiastic meeting in their hall last Thursday. A magnificent steel engraving of Benjamin Franklin, who is the patron of the club, done by Government artists, was solemnly unveiled, and in the dim light showed to great advantage. A heated discussion on the advantage of an electric pen for the use of quill shavers was abruptly brought to a termination by the sudden appearance of the SCHOLASTIC reporter, who had been in hiding. He was shown the door.

—The local baseball league will be formed in the near future. It will consist of a major and minor league. The former will comprise either four or six clubs; if four, Carroll and St. Joseph Halls will be represented by one each, whilst Brownson will furnish two. In case six are agreed to, Carroll will be in the field with two teams, Brownson will have three, and St.

Joseph, one. The minor league will be made up of four clubs—two from Carroll Hall and two from St. Edward's Hall. It will be found that this will effectually do away with the monotonous methods of conducting games between "First" and "Second" nines.

—It was owing to Captain John Flannigan's efforts that a game was played on Thursday last. The day was cold, and after many unsuccessful efforts to get the best players out, he succeeded in arranging two picked nines for practice. The game was the first played on Brownson campus since the recent alterations which greatly improved the old diamond. The field is not hard enough yet to warrant good play, but will, in a short time, be in excellent shape. The boys showed signs of stiffness, and the game was characterized by loose and ragged play. At times the bases were left uncovered, and on two occasions bases were stolen owing to the indolent playing of the fielders. But with these defects the players made a good showing after the long interval of inactivity and handicapped as they were by the strong winds, which made the players more stiff than want of practice.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 BLACKS:—I 2 5 1 2 0 1 0 0=12
 WHITES:—0 0 0 2 4 0 5 0 2=13

"Blacks," *Battery*: Flynn and Gibson; "Whites," Maynes and Sweet. *Hits*: "Blacks," 11; "Whites," 8.

—The Lambs were all corralled in their hall last Thursday by the keeper of the Fold. The Shepherd, who had been lately elevated to this most honorable office, was evidently unacquainted with the duties which the office entailed, and in his excitement he forgot to call the roll. This, however, was overlooked; but if he proves to be an habitual criminal in this respect he surely will lose his job (as it is put in the vernacular). He then started his face going, and murmured something to the effect that it was very remarkable, the change a little authority worked in a man. He stated that though the authority of the shepherd's crook was vastly inferior to that of the Cuspidor Rejuvenator, still he was asserting that limited amount in a way that made him have "that tired feeling." As he warmed up to his subject, a blank look came into his face, and he brought his clenched hand down upon the desk before him to emphasize his remarks. Unfortunately for the parties concerned, his hand, as it descended crashed through the C. R.'s borrowed silk tile. The injured party was on his feet in an instant and wanted to fight. The Boy Blue then entered the room and, as his breath came in short pants, he stated that the Rosebuds were in detention, which was very wearing on their brains and incidentally on their trousers. A resolution discouraging such punishment was unanimously adopted. It is presumed, of course, that this resolution will have its desired effect. The

many "points" in its favor will be readily recognized. A rule was adopted to the effect that a fine be imposed for the use of words of more than seven syllables. The regular business of the society was then taken up, but it is not worthy of chronicling.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Carney, Correll, Casey, Crawley, Corry, DuBrul, Devanney, Dempsey, Davis, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, Flannery, Flannigan, Jewett, Kuhnert, Kearney, Keough, H. Mitchell, McCarrick, McFadden, Marr, Murphy, McGarry, Mott, O'Donnell, Quinlan, Ryan, Scherrer, Schopp, Thorne, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Amburg, Arcé, Brinker, Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, Byrne, Blanchard, Brennan, Burns, Barton, Browne, Cullinan, A. Clark, Crane, Callaghan, Cooke, Chassaing, Coolidge, Cuneo, C. Clark, Conway, F. Dillon, A. Dillon, Delaney, Duffield, Edwards, Fagan, Foley, A. Flynn, Gordon, Gilmartin, N. Gibson, L. Gibson, Golden, Halligan, Hinde, Herman, Hennessy, Hesse, Hodge, Harding, Johnson, Kinsella, Kerndt, Kennedy, Kirby, Karasynski, Krembs, Kelly, Ludwig, Lawlor, Loser, Moore, Maguire, Moloney, Mott, Murray, McHugh, Mithen, Markum, Manchester, Montague, Ney, O'Neill, O'Malley, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Roper, Ruppe, Rumely, Ryan, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Stace, Schmidt, Smoger, Stack, Spengler, Tong, Turner, Vignos, Welty, Walker, Weaver, Wilkin, White, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Alber, Austin, Bloomfield, Burns, Banholzer, Bacon, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Cornell, Clendenin, C. Cullen, Chauvet, T. Cullen, Carney, Corby, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Dannemiller, Dalton, Dilger, Druecker, Dixon, Davezac, Davis, Foley, Fennessy, Farley, Fox, Forbing, Fitzgibbons, Fleming, Franke, Gavin, Gonzales, J. Goldstein, F. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Hurley, Healy, Hoban, Howard, F. Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Lanagan, Ludwig, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Leonard, Lowrey, Lippman, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, T. Murphy, Monahan, Miles, Miers, F. Morris, W. Morris, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, J. McPhillips, A. McPhillips, McShane, McCarrick, McKenzie, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, J. J. O'Neill, O'Mara, Patier, Pendleton, Romero, Reinhard, Reber, Roesing, Swift, Shillington, Strassheim, Stearns, Sparks, Strong, Swigart, Tinnin, Taylor, Teresa, Tempel, Thome, Tuohy, J. Treber, W. Treber, Wilcox, Waters, Whitehead, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, O. Wright, Wachtler, Wagner, Weitzel, Wigg, Ward, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Allyn, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Byrne, Bullene, Breslin, B. Clark, R. Clark, L. Clark, Croke, Cross, Christ, Catchpole, Caruthers, Corry, Curry, Cressy, F. Campau, D. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Crandall, Clune, Coolidge, C. Dawson, J. Dawson, Davidson, Devine, G. Dugas, E. Dugas, Durand, Dalton, Englehardt, Elliott, Everest, Egan, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, Girsch, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Gimble, Green, Goff, Graff, Healy, Ralph Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Hershey, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, Ives, Jonquet, A. King, K. King, Kilgallen, Kelly, Langley, Lohner, Lysle, Lawton, McGinley, McPhee, McCorry, McElroy, McIntyre, Eug. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, McGushin, Morehouse, Minnigerode, Moxley, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Otero, O'Neill, Ortey, Perea, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, H. Rasche, L. Rasche, Romero, Robb, Rohrbach, Roesing, Ryan, Shipp, Steele, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Simm, Schneider, Shillington, Swan, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Terhune, Thomas, Taylor, Wells, Wagner, York.